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Who Kissed Barbara?

A Farce in One Act

By

FRANZ AND LILLIAN RICKABY

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Who Kissed Barbara?

CHARACTERS

(*In the order of their appearance.*)

BARBARA NICOLS, *the bridesmaid.* (*Petite, lithe, impulsive, and distractingly pretty. Would much rather win a bet than lose it.*)

KATHERINE BLAKE, *the bride.* (*Paul's sister. Slightly older than Barbara, but not too much; also slightly taller. Ordinarily a very sane and sensible person, but hardly to be held responsible under present conditions.*)

JAMES, *the butler.* (*Not quite so pompous as we usually make butlers, but plenty at that! He does not have side-burns, though for the sake of the argument he does wear a dress suit. He has been with the Blakes so long that he can express himself rather freely, but also so long that he takes a great deal from them, especially the young fry.*)

PAUL BLAKE, *the best man.* (*Katherine's brother. Blonde, boyish, susceptible; keen for a joke, always enthusiastic over that which impresses him; witty at times, though frequently not so until some time after the opportunity to be so has gone; distinctly eligible. He appears in a dress suit. He is also cultivating a modest little mustache, so tiny and light in color that it might easily escape detection altogether.*)

HORACE GREGORY, *the groom.* (*Practical, efficient, but deeply in love just the same. He is to Paul what Katherine is to Barbara. He also appears in a dress suit, and it so happens that he, Paul, and James could wear the same dress suit, though of course they don't.*)

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Who Kissed Barbara?

SCENE.—*The drawing-room in a wealthy suburban home. It is spring. Some time after dinner, the evening before the wedding.*

(*The curtain rises on the drawing-room of the Blake home, in darkness except for the semi-glow of the coals in a large fireplace at* L., *and such light as enters from a heavily curtained door on* R., *evidently from another room. Before the fireplace one can see the outlines of a large and comfortable davenport and a tall floor-lamp hovering over it from behind. On the other side of the room, outlined in the same way, are a large library table and a deep leather-upholstered chair. Full light would reveal another large chair near the table on the farther side, another curtained door at the back and numerous bookcases, chairs, pictures, etc. There is inviting comfort in every detail.*)

BARBARA (*outside,* R.). Katherine, have you seen that piece of paper I had before dinner—the one Horace and I were laughing at? I can't find it anywhere.

KATHERINE (*also outside, but evidently in a different room*). No, dear, I haven't seen anything of it.—But come here a minute and tell me which of these negligées to keep.

BARB. (*evidently moving about*). In a moment. But I've got to find that paper first.

KATH. Why is it so important? Have you looked in the drawing-room? You were in there just before dinner.

BARB. I'll bet that's where it is.

(We see BARBARA *enter through the lighted doorway and grope her way carefully across the room toward the floor-lamp. Suddenly the figure of a man is dimly outlined in the doorway at the rear. He silently overtakes the girl on her way to the lamp. There is the sound of a boisterous kiss. The girl screams. The man exclaims "Damn!" and escapes through the rear door. By the light of the lamp, which* BARBARA *flashes on as soon as she can reach it, she sees only the flying coat-tails of a dress-suited man.* BARBARA *rushes to the rear door and looks down the hall in the direction taken by the assailant, then turns back into the room, dabs at her lips with her handkerchief, glares back at the door as though it were in part responsible, then stamps to the davenport and throws herself down on it, burying her head in the pillows, registering all the while the anger derived largely from its own helplessness.)*

KATH. (*entering from* R.). For heaven's sake, Barbara, what made you scream like that? You frightened me to—— (*Sees* BARBARA *and goes anxiously to her.*) Why, Bob, dear, what has happened? Are you crying?

BARB. (*sitting up suddenly and dabbing at her eyes*). Yes, I—No, I'm not! (*Stands up and flounces across the room.*) I'm perfectly furious. I never was so mad in my life. It's simply outrageous. And he did it on purpose (*Throws herself into the easy chair and wails*) just so I'd lose my bet! I hate him! And if it wasn't for you I wouldn't be bridesmaid at his d-darned old wedding.

KATH. (*aghast, goes toward* BARBARA). Barbara, what *are* you talking about? (*Gives her a little shake.*) What has happened? And what do you mean about my wedding?

BARB. (*looking up*). Katherine, I think Horace Gregory is a nasty, horrid thing; and I don't think you ought to marry him. He's not to be trusted.

KATH. (*anxiously*). Barbara, please, please tell me

what has happened. You worry me to death. What makes you talk so? Why don't you like Horace?

BARB. I tell you he is not to be trusted—in anything.

KATH. (*strangely close to tears*). But why? Why? What has he done? (*More angrily.*) Barbara, you've got to tell me what happened.

BARB. (*rises and crosses back to the davenport, rather nervously, perhaps*). I don't know how.

KATH. (*drops into the chair that* BARBARA *has just left*). Don't know how? Barbara Nicols, you're the most exasperating woman I ever knew. Why can't you tell me?

BARB. Well—I—I just can't. I—I—they—somebody—Horace——

(Breaks off and buries her head in the pillows, kicking viciously against the davenport with a free foot.)

KATH. Well, I—they—somebody—Horace did what?

BARB. (*raises her head to wail*). Kissed me!

(And buries her head again.)

KATH. (*vaguely, hardly knowing whether to be relieved or not*). Kissed you? Kissed you! Are you—are you sure it was Horace? (*Puzzled.*) How did it happen?

BARB. (*rises again from her pillows*). He did it just to make me lose my wager, and I think it's the meanest, dirtiest, most ungentlemanly thing I ever heard of. Especially since I made the wager with him! (*Petulantly.*) He's a tight-wad, a cheat, and I hate him!

KATH. (*has come over and sat down beside* BARBARA). Bob, I simply insist on an explanation, right from the beginning. And first of all, what is the wager you're talking about?

BARB. Well, if you must know. First of all, I was silly enough to tell Horace Gregory that I had never been kissed——

KATH. (*politely surprised*). Never been kissed! Why, what do you mean?

BARB. Just what I say. In all my life,—that is, after

I was old enough to have anything to say about it and up until about ten minutes ago, no man had ever kissed me. *(Begins to lose what calmness she has regained.)*

KATH. Well, go on. Do be sensible now. What has that to do with the wager?

BARB. When I was talking to Horace this afternoon, I told him about it, and about the vow too that I made on my sixteenth birthday ——

KATH. (*whose eagerness, seemingly well in hand, steps ahead of her*). What was that?

BARB. (*coolly*). Now Katherine, dear, I can talk only so fast.—The vow was that I would never, never let a man kiss me, except the man I was to marry; and of course, any one can see that if he happened to be a— that sort of a man, there'd be no preventing it in that case. (*A slight pause, each girl with her own thoughts.*)

KATH. (*slowly*). And the wager, I suppose, was that you ——

BARB. No use supposing. That's just what it was. When I told Horace all this, he shrieked and howled and thought that my aversion to kissing was quite the most humorous thing he had ever heard. At first he wouldn't believe me, but after I had convinced him ——

KATH. (*uneasily*). Convinced him?

BARB. He wanted to make a wager with me that I *would* be kissed before he was a married man. I told him, not unless I got engaged too. I felt so absolutely sure of winning that I made him write it down. (*Turns and faces* KATHERINE *directly.*) Why, I knew he'd be a married man in twenty-four hours, and I didn't see how any one could possibly appear, get himself in love with me, and me with him, and kiss me, all in twenty-four hours. And now—and now—(*Evidences of rising temperature, and the handkerchief suggests tears*) the wager's lost, and my vow broken. (*Angrily.*) I never thought he'd cheat! I didn't have him specify my—my fiancé on the paper. I wish I had.—Where is it, anyway? (*Rises and looks for the paper, on the mantel and around the davenport.* KATHERINE *sits looking thoughtfully into the fire.* BARBARA *finds the paper on the*

table.) Oh, here it is. (*Returns quickly to* KATHERINE *holding it out to her.*) Here it is. Look.

KATH. (*takes the wager, looks at the signatures first, as is her prerogative, but says only*). Foolishness!

(As she apparently begins reading it.)

BARB. Read it aloud, Katherine. I haven't any idea how things like that sound. (*Struck by a happy thought.*) There may be an error in it somewhere too!

KATH. (*reads*). "Here followeth a wager between Horace Gregory, party of the first part, and Barbara Nicols, party of the second part. The party of the first part wagereth that the party of the second part will be kissed by a man before the party of the first part will have entered the ancient and honorable state of matrimony, that bourne from which no sensible man returneth. Which wager the party of the second part doth duly accept. The losing party to this wager shall furnish forth a dinner for twelve at Le Blanc's, the winning party to set the time, appoint the menu, and choose the guests. Horace Gregory—Barbara Nicols."

BARB. (*slowly*). I don't see any flaws in it—any legal ones, that is. If I had only made him write "By her fiancé" instead of "by a man"! That was the spirit of it anyway, and he's taken a mean advantage, that's what he has. The very idea of his kissing me himself rather than lose the wager!

KATH. (*defending her stronghold bravely*). But Barbara, dear, are you *sure* it was Horace? It certainly doesn't sound like him. I don't believe he'd do a thing like that. He isn't that sort. I think I know him much better than you do, and cheating or otherwise taking advantage of any one is utterly beneath him.—He's the man I'm going to marry to-morrow morning, and my faith in him is not easily shaken.

BARB. (*significantly*). I'm glad it isn't.

KATH. Barbara, darling, can't you take my word for it that he didn't do this—this ——

BARB. (*mischievously*). Dastardly deed? Will that do?

(BARBARA *quite naturally can hardly help feasting herself on* KATHERINE'S *uneasiness, which grows in the face of a most stubborn resistance.*)

KATH. (*convincing herself*). I just know you're—there's been a mistake in it somewhere. What makes you so sure it was he?

BARB. Who else could it be?

KATH. But didn't you see him? The light?

BARB. Yes, I did get the light on finally. But the room was dark when he—when it happened.

KATH. (*relieved*). Then, silly, how do you know it was Horace?

BARB. (*exasperated*). Katherine, who else could it possibly have been? Consider: (*Business of pointing out each element of the demonstration very definitely.*) There's the wager; here am I, temptation: to yield means winning the wager; to withstand means losing it. He yielded, as you or I or any one else might have done. That's all there is to it.—Besides, if it wasn't Horace, who could it possibly have been?

KATH. (*quietly*). James.

BARB. (*terror-stricken*). James! James!! James!!! A butler—*kiss* me? (*Dazed at the possibility.*) Why, Katherine, I'd rather think it was Horace!

KATH. You flatter Horace, dear. And anyway, remember, Bob, that our chief obligation is to find out who's guilty, not to consult your preference.

BARB. (*thoroughly frightened*). Oh, Katherine!

KATH. And why not James? There in the dark he might easily have mistaken you for one of the maids and simply stolen a kiss in passing. Such a thing is entirely possible, it seems to me.

BARB. Oh, no, Katherine! How perfectly terrible!

(*Slight pause.* BARBARA *unconsciously rubs her lips with her handkerchief.*)

KATH. (*relents somewhat. Having solved the enigma to her own satisfaction, she is at perfect ease, and in this position is disposed to pity* BARBARA). Was there any-

thing about him, dear, that made you think it was Horace especially?

BARB. (*very meek, all assurance gone*). I couldn't get the light on soon enough, Katherine. I didn't get anything but a glimpse of him as he flew out the hall door there. He was in full dress, and that's why I thought it was Horace. I never thought—I forgot that James ——

(Dangerously near tears.)

KATH. A dress suit, Bob? Well, that's something to start on—even if it doesn't get us anywhere. Wasn't there anything else?

BARB. No-o.—Oh, Katherine, there was too! His breath smelled terribly of peppermint. He had just been eating opera sticks, I'm sure. And (*hopefully*) James wouldn't likely be making away with them so soon after dinner, would he?

KATH. (*feels the dart of this possibility, but stops the wound*). You don't know James like I do, Bob.—But is peppermint all? Didn't he say anything?

BARB. He didn't have a chance to —— (*Startled pause.*) Katherine, he did too! When I screamed, he said "Damn!"

KATH. (*shocked*). Barbara, are you sure?

BARB. Absolutely.

KATH. (*quickly*). But Horace's voice—you know it. Was it his?

BARB. (*trying to recall*). The voice? Oh, Katherine, if I could only remember! It wasn't a voice at all; it was just an exclamation of—of—anger, or surprise, or something.

KATH. (*victorious again, but not vaunting*). But Barbara, why would Horace be surprised or angry if he had intentionally waylaid you to win his wager?

BARB. (*innocently*). Why, he wouldn't be, would he? And—and James would, wouldn't he, Katherine!

(Rises and crosses nervously to the easy chair.)

KATH. Well, that doesn't give us a great deal, does it? But it's better than nothing at all. Let's see, dress

suit, peppermint, and—and "Damn!" (*More to herself than to* BARBARA.) I'm sure Horace never swears.

BARB. (*assertively*). But, Katherine, I'll not have it so. Everything in reason points to Horace: the wager and all. James' making that mistake at this particular time would have to be an almost unheard-of coincidence, now, wouldn't it?

KATH. (*thoughtfully*). Yes, it would. I think we ought to see who's at the bottom of this.

BARB. (*vanquished by her own thought*). But, Katherine, if it should turn out to be James! It would be perfectly awful! Do let's let it go. I'll pay the wager and show old Horace Gregory ——

KATH. But Bob ——

BARB. (*determined*). —that *I'm* a real sport anyway.

KATH. (*also determined*). No, my dear. There's a principle involved. It's not so much the fact that he—that some one kissed you, though that is quite enough; but you see, I've got to justify my faith in Horace and his sportsmanship.—Dear, whatever it costs, we've just got to find out who kissed you.

BARB. (*wildly*). But think how I'd feel if it were James!

KATH. (*archly*). And I if it were Horace. (*Then as though throwing off the burden in the name of friendship.*) But cheer up, dear; it may be the man of your early vow. You never can ——

BARB. But how could it be? What men are there around here now except Horace and—James? Your father's in the city, and your brother hasn't come yet—(*hopefully*) has he?

KATH. No, he hasn't. He's always late too. And I'm so afraid he'll be late to-morrow. Wouldn't that be awful? Paul's never on time anywhere or for anything. I don't think he ever made a train in his life.—But you'll like him, Bob. He's a dear. I do hope he gets here in time to-morrow for you to meet him before we go to the church. It would be like him to come tearing down the aisle just before the benediction.—But we aren't solving this mystery. How shall we go about it?

BARB. I don't care much how we go about it. But oh, if it isn't Horace——

KATH. But dear, I feel—I know that it wasn't.

BARB. (*decisively*). Well, let's just send for him and not let him suspect anything, but just let things happen, and I'll wager—no, I won't. I always lose. But I'm sure we'll find that he was the man.

KATH. (*firmly*). And I'm just as sure, dear——

JAMES (*appears at the* C. *entrance*). Beg pardon, Miss Katherine, but Mr. Paul has just arrived and asks me to tell you that he will be down immediately.

KATH. (*as both girls rise hastily*). Paul! How remarkable! But tell Mr. Gregory, will you, James? You will find him in the garden, I think.

JAMES. Yes, Miss Katherine. [*Exit* JAMES.

(KATHERINE *sits at the right end of the davenport.* BARBARA *sits at her feet on a heavy hassock or footstool which she drags from beneath the davenport, and leans her arms and head in* KATHERINE'S *lap.*)

KATH. I'm so relieved, Bob dear. How fine of him to come to-night. And I do hope you'll like him. But there, I know you will.

BARB. (*uncertainly*). Yes, I know I shall. But I wish he had come sooner. Things might have been different then—mightn't they?

KATH. (*pensively, stroking* BARBARA'S *hair*). Yes, Bob, they might.

PAUL (*enters* C., *in evening dress*). Hello, Sis! Am I early enough this time?

KATH. (*rises and goes to him. They meet* C. *stage*). You're a dear. How did you ever—— (*Kisses him. As she does so, she is apparently startled by something. Draws back, her hands still on his shoulders; then leans closer again. Exclaims.*) Peppermint! (BARBARA *starts, and grasps the davenport, to the left end of which she has withdrawn. Slight pause.* KATHERINE *collects herself first, and smiling confidently at* BARBARA, *speaks.*) Oh, Paul, I want you to meet Barbara—Barbara Nicols, you remember, my bridesmaid. (PAUL *starts smilingly*

and energetically toward BARBARA, *who has risen. He prepares to extend his hand to her as he rounds the right end of the davenport, but, with his eyes fixed on* BARBARA, *he does not see the footstool, over which he stumbles and falls headlong at the girl's feet. As he sprawls, the girls both hear, low but unmistakable, "Damn!" He is on his feet in an instant, but inexpressibly embarrassed, he sinks weakly into the davenport at the far right end. At the sound of the magic word, both* KATHERINE *and* BARBARA *start and look at each other,* KATHERINE *somewhat triumphant again,* BARBARA *plainly confused.*) Paul!!

(BARBARA *gazes at him a moment as though fascinated, then collapses to the davenport at the extreme right end.)*

HORACE (*enters briskly,* R. *entrance. Goes to* PAUL). Well, well, old boy, but I'm glad to see you! (PAUL *rises weakly to shake hands, then subsides again.*) I've been having visions all day of a best-man-less wedding to-morrow. I'd be sure to lose the ring, or (*looking at* BARBARA) put it on the wrong girl.

KATH. (*with a little grimace at this sally, comes behind the davenport, well toward* BARBARA). But Paul, how on earth do you happen to be here at this hour? I thought the Van Lynn theatre party was to-night.

PAUL (*looks straight ahead and talks dazedly*). It was, but I left right after dinner. When the others went to the theatre they dropped me at the station. That's why I've got on my "soup-and-fish." (*Indicates his dress-suit.*) I vowed I'd be on time once in my life, and make that "once" your wedding. (*Doggedly.*) Might have been better if I'd been a little late instead, I guess.

(HORACE *meanwhile takes out his cigarette case and removes a cigarette. Turns to go over to the easy chair, tapping the cigarette on the closed case.* BARBARA *draws* KATHERINE'S *attention, indicating by vigorous sign language that* HORACE *must not be allowed to smoke a scent-destroying cigarette.*

KATHERINE *catches on, and overtaking* HORACE, *takes gentle hold of the cigarette, removing it from his hand.*)

KATH. (*coaxingly*). Horace—are you that nervous?

HORACE (*a little surprised*). Why, dear, I haven't smoked since dinner. And really, you know, I'm not a bit nervous; not a particle. (KATHERINE *hangs on his arm, sniffing every time she finds an opportunity, or can make one.*) I think you're the nervous one.

KATH. I nervous? Not a bit. (*Leads him to the easy chair.*) Come on; you sit down here and calm yourself. (*Pushes him into the chair. During this* BARBARA *and* PAUL *sit at their respective ends of the davenport, stealing curious glances at each other occasionally, one or two of which collide.* BARBARA *finally turns away and begins drumming the end of the davenport with the fingers of one hand.* PAUL, *still incapacitated by his recent experience, fusses with his collar, vest, etc. As* KATHERINE *pushes* HORACE *into the easy chair she gives a big sniff and exclaims tragically.*) Peppermint!!

(BARBARA *springs to her feet with an I-told-you-so expression.*)

PAUL (*grimly*). Those were her remarks about me too, old man.

KATH. (*in confusion, sinking into a chair*). Well——

BARB. (*with finality*). Well.

PAUL (*interrogatively*). Well?

HORACE (*impatiently*). Well—I don't see—I told you I hadn't smoked since dinner, and the last thing I ate was an opera stick. It seems to have been a peppermint one. Now what's remarkable about that?

KATH. (*dazed; more enthralled by the phenomenon itself than by the explanation of it*). But—and Paul——

PAUL (*with a slight shrug of his shoulders, as though there weren't enough foolishness in the world already*). Those infernal Van Lynns are always up to something funny. To-night they had onions fixed up to look like those frozen rose things, and we all ate a lot before it

dawned on us what was the matter. I didn't want to come here smelling like a Yiddish bakery, so I ate about a package of life-savers on the way here. They must have been peppermint ones, though I didn't notice at the time.

HORACE (*exasperated*). Well, if peppermint affects beautiful women this way, let's have James bring in the rest of the opera sticks, and we'll all eat a clove one. (*He rings for* JAMES *as he speaks.* JAMES *appears at the* C. *entrance.*) Bring in the dish of opera sticks that were left from supper, James.

JAMES (*turning*). Yes, sir.

KATH. And James ——

JAMES. Yes, Miss Katherine?

KATH. Will you bring some iced grape juice too, please?

JAMES. Yes, Miss Katherine. [*Exit.*

(KATHERINE *very coolly ignores* HORACE. BARBARA *ignores both men. The air is clearly charged with something icy already.* HORACE, *trying to appear unconcerned, takes out a cigarette again, and carries the opened case to* PAUL, *who nervously takes one. They both start to light up when* HORACE *catches sight of* KATHERINE'S *face and remembers.*)

HORACE (*penitentially*). Oh, Katherine—I forgot. I'm sorry. (*Puts cigarette back in the case, as he goes toward the table.* PAUL *is about to light his when he suspects that perhaps he too ought not to smoke just now. After some pantomime of uncertainty, he gives up and lays the cigarette carefully on the arm of the davenport.* HORACE, *at the table.*) I guess I am a little nervous—or something. (*Straightens shoulders.*) Oh, well, I guess if there's any time in a fellow's life that he has a right to get nervous, to-night's that time.

KATH. (*very cool*). Indeed! And what about the woman? (*Significantly.*) She has a great deal more at stake; and you see, *I* am not nervous in the least.

(She sits very straight and stiff to prove the fact.

Nervous? Of course she isn't; no one ever saw a nervous iceberg! To her assertion both men reply together, very ingratiatingly.)

PAUL. } Of course——
HORACE. } Certainly not.
PAUL (*alone*). —not.
KATH. (*witheringly*). Now you needn't both be idiots!
HORACE. } Of course——
PAUL. } Certainly not.
HORACE (*alone*). —not.

(KATHERINE *is plainly disgusted.* BARBARA *conceals her momentary amusement only with difficulty. The men rage inwardly at their helplessness.* JAMES *enters,* C., *with a tray holding a decanter of grape juice, glasses with ice, and a dish of opera sticks. He stops* C. *stage, as* KATHERINE *rises and goes toward him to take the opera sticks. She suddenly looks closely as though at something in one of the glasses.* BARBARA *rises also and comes around the rear of the davenport to where* KATHERINE *and* JAMES *stand.*)

KATH. (*severely*). James, what is that?

JAMES (*is distinctly startled. He gives a quick embarrassed little cough which he dutifully averts with one hand which he disengages from the tray, and leans over the tray anxiously*). Where, Miss Katherine?

(But the little cough, diverted from the tray and KATHERINE, *unfortunately reaches* BARBARA, *who starts back in horror and dismay, then runs to* KATHERINE.)

BARB. Oh, Katherine! Peppermint!!

(*She buries her head on* KATHERINE'S *shoulder.* PAUL *and* HORACE *look at each other in blank despair.*)

JAMES (*a very fountain of apologetic sympathy*). Yes, Miss Katherine, I'm sorry, but I believe they are all pep-

permint flavor. I'll be glad to send out and get some of the others for Miss Barbara if ——

KATH. (*thoroughly angry for* BARBARA'S *sake*). James!!

JAMES (*recoils a step, and by every criterion silently declares himself guilty of something or other*). Y-yes, Miss Kath ——

KATH. (BARBARA *stands apart, her face hidden in her hands*). How dare you take such liberties in the house of your employer? We expect servants to take a good deal that isn't theirs; but that kind of theft will not be tolerated.

JAMES (*abjectly*). But Miss Katherine, I was all through in the dining-room, and just happened to be passing the ——

KATH. You were, at all events, distinctly out of your place. My father shall hear of this unmentionable action of yours immediately.

JAMES. But Miss Katherine, I thought you were ——

KATH. (*inexpressibly haughty*). Unfortunately, it was not I.

JAMES. I—I took only one, Miss Katherine. Any of the others might have taken ——

(BARBARA *sobs visibly and audibly.* KATHERINE *turns from* JAMES *in supreme disgust.*)

KATH. I think that will be all. Put the tray on the table, please.

JAMES (*does as he is told. Turns and goes toward* C. *door. In the door he turns with something of contempt, to say*). Beg pardon, Miss Katherine, but I think this is pretty much of a stir to make over—over one opera stick.

[*Exit.*

(There is an eloquent pause. BARBARA *turns as though suddenly saved from the jaws of death.)*

PAUL (*dryly*). I feel a little that way about it myself, Sis.

KATH. (*sitting*). If that were only all!

(BARBARA *remains standing, silently miserable.*)

HORACE (*after a pause*). Well, inasmuch as we have the grape juice, we might as well use it. (*Rising.*) And I seem to be the only one around here sane enough to pour it—or do anything else, for that matter,—without smelling peppermint. (*He pours out a glass. Takes it to* KATHERINE *who receives it without any recognition, and sits holding it absently. Returning to the table he pours another, for* BARBARA. *He indicates that it is for her, and hands it toward her without turning, at the same time beginning to pour a third glass with his left hand.* BARBARA *steps over toward him, slightly behind him, so that the offered glass is almost over his left shoulder. As he thinks* BARBARA *has the glass, he lets go.* BARBARA *does not have hold of it, and the juice is spilled on* HORACE'S *arm and shoulder.*) Damn!

(The word brings the girls sharply back to their problem.)

KATH. (*rises and goes quickly to the fireplace where she places her glass on the mantel*). Oh! Horace! How could you! And I trusted you so!

(HORACE *is plainly embarrassed, but angry as well; makes no reply.*)

BARB. Oh, Horace, I'm so sorry! (*Turns toward* KATHERINE.) Really, Katherine, it was all my fault. I should have been more careful.

KATH. (*freezes up*). I'll have no double standard of morals in my home, if you please.

HORACE (*stopping suddenly in his brushing*). Double standard of morals! Why, bless your souls, I'd not have it either. Morals! Why, dear, I've only acted as any man would act in such a circumstance, and as any woman might act for all I'd care.

KATH. It's quite bad enough to have done the thing, Mr. Gregory, without boasting about it.

BARB. (*in her womanly concern over the spilled grape juice she has forgotten for a moment the issue of the*

evening. HORACE'S *and* KATHERINE'S *last speeches recall it. She becomes indignant at the thought of the wager*). I suppose I should be concerned about the morals of it too; but what makes me furious is the bad sportsmanship, the actual cowardice of any one who would ——

HORACE. Would what?

KATH. (*firing*). That's it. You would glorify your weakness by hearing its echo on the lips of one of its victims, I suppose?

BARB. Modesty does not repeat such things. (HORACE *falls into the easy chair in despair, head in hands.* BARBARA *steps toward* PAUL.) And do you think, Mr.— Mr. Blake, that you could undertake to drink a little grape juice without incriminating yourself?

PAUL (*jumps to his feet, beaming*). Thank the good Lord! I thought you were never going to speak to me. I haven't had any kind of a chance to tell you how glad I am to meet you.

(Puts out his hand, into which BARBARA *lays hers demurely.* PAUL, *holding* BARBARA'S *hand, suddenly looks back at the footstool and kicks it viciously under the davenport. Releases her hand.)*

BARB. (*pleasantly*). I'm glad to meet you too, Mr.— Blake. I finally speak to you, I think, largely because you seem to be the only man present whose immediate past is clear, and in whose care the innocent are safe.

PAUL (*bows elaborately*). Many thanks, fair lady. Remember, however, that the dependability of the really honest man in such matters is assured by others more often than admitted by himself.

BARB. (*sweetly*). Oh, do you mean that?

PAUL. I certainly do. I may even now be guilty of the deepest crimson crime ——

BARB. (*hastily, touching his sleeve lightly*). Oh, no! Not the deepest one. You arrived too late for that.

PAUL (*laughing*). Too late? Has my cursed habit blessed me for once? And I thought I was *early* this time!—Can't we be seated?

BARB. Of course. (*They sit on the davenport, close together.*) I want to ask you a question,—Mr. Blake.

PAUL. All right, just so it isn't one I can answer. I hate responsibility.—But first, since you and I are going to officiate at the (*indicates* HORACE *and* KATHERINE) obsequies to-morrow—be sort of chief mourners, you know—don't you think we might use each other's first names to some advantage? I'm Katherine's brother, and know, and you know her very well. And besides, the only reason we haven't known each other for years is that—we—just didn't come together that long ago.

BARB. (*much amused by his argument*). Your reasoning is quite remarkable.

PAUL. Thanks, ever so much. Furthermore, I think Barbara is a beautiful name, far too beautiful to be made to wait on ceremony and conventionality; and as for Paul,—well, it's more quickly said than "Mr. Blake," and in this age of high speed and quick delivery, that is something.

BARB. Yes; and I think too that people in affairs of this kind—weddings, I mean—somehow become acquainted more quickly than ordinarily, sometimes before they have really had an opportunity. Don't you think so?

PAUL (*worshipfully*). I haven't the least doubt of it.

HORACE (*raising his head from his hands*). Especially true in the case of the bride and groom! (*At this pointed remark,* KATHERINE *leaves her place at the mantel, where she has been doing her best to look straight through* HORACE, *and crosses wearily to the chair back of the table. As she does so,* HORACE *rises and goes solicitously toward her.*) Katherine dear, I think you should go to bed. You're all tired out.

KATH. How dare you attempt to send me to bed, Horace Gregory! Oh, I have been so deluded. I wouldn't have believed it.

HORACE. What are you talking about?—My dear, you're simply a nervous wreck. Please go get some rest. (*Sentimentally.*) Remember, Sweetheart, to-morrow——

KATH. (*angrily*). Remember? Remember! I wish

it wouldn't come. If only you would own up, confess, explain, apologize, be sorry, something ——

HORACE (*quietly*). But dear, why confess something we both know I'm guilty of in the ——

KATH. (*brokenly*). So you *did* do it after all?

HORACE (*still quietly*). Of course I did, Sweetheart. Why deny it? Even if I could convince you otherwise, there is still Barbara, who is especially concerned. But why on earth has everything taken on such tragic importance to-night? James with his opera stick, I and my meaningless little oath ——

KATH. (*coldly quiet*). Not the oath so much as what it stands for.

HORACE. What it ——

(Throws out his arms in despair, and drops again into the easy chair, his back toward KATHERINE.)

PAUL (*confidentially*). Something seems to be terribly wrong here. (*Turning to* KATHERINE.) I say, Sis, aren't you being a little rough on some one?

BARB. (*tartly*). Now if you are wise, you'll not waste any sympathy on Horace.

PAUL. Well, I'll say the Middle Ages had nothing on you two when it came to holding a man guilty until he was proved guilty—and then giving him no chance to prove anything. Tell me (*indicating* HORACE *with a backward nod of the head*) what's he done?

BARB. I'll never tell you. Though he probably will and you'll both laugh over it, as soon as you're alone.

PAUL. Laugh over it! Over a funeral like this?

(KATHERINE, *after her last speech, began fumbling with her engagement ring, finally slipping it off her finger. During* BARBARA'S *and* PAUL'S *last words she evidently dropped it to the floor.*)

KATH. (*quietly, almost unconcernedly*). Horace, ring for James, please.

(*All three turn inquiringly.* HORACE *does as he is told. Only* PAUL *speaks.*)

PAUL. Poor James may be across the state line by this time.

(KATHERINE *withers him with a look just as* JAMES *appears, very haughty, at the* C. *entrance.*)

KATH. James, I have dropped something.

(BARBARA *and* PAUL *rise hastily and start toward* KATHERINE, *who is searching busily about her chair.)*

PAUL. Dropped something?

HORACE. What was it?

BARB. Was it anything valuable, Katherine?

KATH. No—yes—I don't know; but I didn't want to lose it—just this way. James, will you help find it, please?

JAMES (*coming forward*). Yes, Miss Katherine. What shall I look for?

KATH. (*nervously*). It was a—— Never mind; you'll know when you see it. (*Business of general search.*) It was very small, and it might have bounced almost anywhere—though it ought to be around this chair.—Horace, you please look over around the table there; and Paul, you over there by the davenport. Barbara and James and I will look here.

(HORACE *and* PAUL *exchange looks and go to their respective places,* HORACE *moving the easy chair and looking eagerly under the table,* PAUL *rubbering about under and around the davenport, both men on hands and knees.)*

PAUL (*after a moment*). For goodness' sake, Sis, you might tell us what it is. I may have found it and thrown it away three or four times by now.

HORACE (*with finality*). Well, whatever it was, it's quit being around here.

(He rises, brushes himself, and sits down in his chair.)

PAUL (*continuing the search*). There's nothing here

either, but I'm going on; that may be what she lost, for all I know. She's given us such a vivid description of it!

(JAMES *is on his hands and knees to the left of* KATHERINE'S *chair, feeling every inch of the carpet under and around it.* BARBARA, *searching just as faithfully in front of it, steps squarely on one of* JAMES' *groping fingers.)*

JAMES (*straightening up on his knees, and grasping the injured member tightly in his other hand*). Damn!

BARB. (*as though stabbed with the telltale word*). Oh! *(Leans weakly against the back of the davenport, regarding* JAMES *with horror.* KATHERINE *goes quickly and kneels beside* HORACE'S *chair and draws him over to her. He puts his arm around her.* PAUL *ceases his search, but remains on his knees as though fascinated by* BARBARA'S *terror.)* James! What—what did you say?

JAMES. I'm most sorry, Miss Barbara; but the pain, you know. I forgot myself. I am very sorry.

(He turns to leave, very ill at ease, still nursing his mashed finger. BARBARA *follows him with horror-stricken gaze.)*

KATH. (*softly*). Oh, Horace, how could I have doubted you?

JAMES (*turning in the doorway*). Pardon me, Miss Katherine, but shall I send a maid in to look for the—er—the lost article?

KATH. (*suddenly remembers the loss, and stands excitedly*). Why, yes, of course—I mean, no. I—I do not think it is lost any longer.

JAMES (*meaningly, with a curt bow*). That is my opinion also, Miss Katherine. [*Exit.*

BARB. (*wailing*). How awful! Oh, how terrible! James! James, a butler!

(She stands near the right end of the davenport, a forlorn picture.)

PAUL (*gets to his feet near the left end of the daven-*

port). Why, little bridesmaid, you make me feel wretched. If a mere butler swearing has made such an effect on you, think how I feel when I remember that that was the first word I ever said to you, here at your feet.

BARB. (*suddenly lifts her head, as though struggling with a thought. Then the light breaks*). Why—you did say—that too, didn't you? And so did you, Horace! Katherine! Do you realize what has happened?

KATH. (*absent-mindedly, looking furtively around the floor*). Yes, dear.

BARB. Katherine, wake up! Don't you know that they all smelled of peppermint, and all said—that? Where have we gotten to?

KATH. (*wearily coming back to* HORACE'S *side*). Nowhere, Bob; and worse than nowhere.

HORACE (*noting the weariness in her voice takes her hand*). How, dear?

KATH. Nowhere because what was at first a mystery is still a mystery; and worse than nowhere because—I've lost something that I ——

(Her voice trembles and she does not go on.)

BARB. (*all sympathy*). Oh, Katherine!

HORACE (*rising*). Sweetheart, I want to help you, but it's all mystery. Everything this night has been mysterious ——

PAUL (*looking steadily at* BARBARA). Mystery's no name for it.

BARB. But Katherine, let's look again, real carefully.

PAUL (*planting himself firmly in front of the fireplace, hands behind him*). I look for nothing more until I can at least call it by name.

BARB. (*turns full upon him and smiles*). It might be under the davenport—Paul.

(*Whereupon* PAUL *succumbs and renews his hunt, much to* HORACE'S *amusement.*)

KATH. It's no use. I'm certain now that James told

the truth when he said it was his opinion that the article was not lost any longer.

(PAUL *rises and stands again at the fireplace.*)

HORACE. But you said so yourself, dear.

KATH. I did, because I was sure—he found it, just as I am that he has it now.

PAUL. Poor Jim! He's in bad again.

(*A look from* BARBARA *puts* PAUL *in his proper place.*)

KATH. Horace, dear, I'll have to tell you what it was, for we must get it back. It was my—our diamond—our engagement ring.

BARB. Your ring, Katherine!

PAUL. Why, Sis!

(HORACE *takes* KATHERINE, *seats her gently in the easy chair, and stands at her left, holding her hand.*)

KATH. (*tearfully*). I was toying with it, and dropped it. It must have rolled a little bit, for I couldn't see it.—I didn't want you—and Paul—to know. I—I—oh, Horace, what shall we do?

PAUL (*stirring himself valiantly*). I'll go out and hale him into court, Sis. I thought there was something crooked looking about that fellow the first time I saw him. [*Exit,* C., *in haste.*

(BARBARA, *not knowing what else to do, looks about on the floor.*)

KATH. (*pleading*). Be angry with me, Horace. No matter what happened, I had no right to lose our—our ring.

HORACE (*gently*). I could never be angry with you, my own. Did it mean so much, then?

KATH. (*looking at her hand in his*). It is so awful to be without it, Horace! And to have lost it so childishly, so uselessly——

HORACE (*stealing the ring back on the third finger of the hand he holds*). Yours again, Sweetheart.

KATH. Horace! The ring? Why—how—where —— Look, Bob! James hasn't it after all! (*With a deep sigh.*) Oh, Horace dear, I'm so glad!

HORACE. You were right, dearie. It did bounce and roll. I found it here by the table-leg. (*Teasingly.*) But, of course, not knowing what you had lost ——

PAUL (*enters hastily, heavily under the influence of excitement, his hat and coat half on*). He's not in the house! The fellow's gone! Said he'd stepped out to get some opera sticks.—C'mon, Harry, stir yourself.—Barbara, you 'phone the station. We'll go down the street. He can't have gone far!

BARB. (*takes* PAUL *gently by the arm, as though to soothe him, and leads him to the davenport and pushes him into it, where he sits foolishly*). No, not far, Paul. And he'll be back in a moment. You wait for him there.

(She stands behind him.)

PAUL (*looks about dazedly, sees the tranquillity over in the easy chair, and notes the diamond flashing on* KATHERINE'S *hand. He collapses*). Oh Lord! This place is haunted.

BARB. Especially when the lights are out.

(PAUL *glances quickly at her.*)

KATH. (*suddenly, taking* HORACE'S *hand in both of hers*). But it wasn't you, was it, Horace?

HORACE. What wasn't me, dear? Let's have the mystery.

KATH. Well, it is a mystery, Horace, and we've been Sherlock Holmsing to—to ——

BARB. (*slowly, pointedly, looking straight at* HORACE). —to find what kind of a villain it is that cheats, that resorts to the infamous ways of darkness —— We were searching for a criminal that I loathe!

(Stamps her foot.)

PAUL. I'm glad you're not looking at me now!

BARB. Silly! I might have been looking at you, but

(*sweetly*) you were too late. (*Then haughtily, to* HORACE.) However, I shall insist on paying my forfeit, and I shall insist that you invite my—your best man for me.

HORACE. But Barbara ——

PAUL (*eagerly, to* BARBARA). Invite me I don't know what to, but I'll risk it. Do you mean it?

BARB. Here's my hand on it. (PAUL *takes her extended hand, then, with his left hand on his breast, and a mock-heroic bow, leans over and kisses it, much longer than was at all necessary.—Suddenly the coquettish smile leaves* BARBARA'S *face. She is puzzled; tries to remember. She pulls her hand away, and* PAUL *straightens up.* BARBARA'*s face suddenly lightens.*) Oh, Katherine, it wasn't Horace! It wasn't James! (*Turns accusingly on* PAUL, *pointing at him.*) It was *you!*

KATH. Why, Bob, how could it be ——

BARB. (*almost dancing*). I don't care whether it could or not, or how it could. There were cyclones of peppermint, and torrents of "damns," but there was only one—mustache! Paul Blake, it was you!

PAUL (*meekly*). Yes; I was it. (*Looking down.*) I can explain. (*He walks over in front of the fireplace.*)

HORACE (*to* PAUL). So it was you, eh? Still a mystery. Now if somebody will kindly explain these occult consignments of peppermint and calamity, the day will be won.

KATH. } (*together*). Well, Barbara ——
BARB. } Well, I ——

HORACE. One at a time, please.

(PAUL *stands watching* BARBARA, *waiting to know his fate.*)

BARB. It's all on account of our wager, Horace. I thought you did it so I'd have to pay for the dinner.

HORACE. The wager? What —— Oh, our wager. Well ——?

BARB. (*looks down*). Well, you see—I've lost it.

HORACE. You lost—(*He grows more and more boisterous in his amusement as the light breaks*) the wager?

And Paul here—ho! ho! ho!—did he——? And inside of twenty-four hours! Ha! ha! ha! That's too good to keep.

KATH. She insisted that it was you, Horace; but I couldn't believe you'd do such a thing. Would you? I thought it was James.

HORACE. James? Ye gods! That's worse yet.

(Goes into a paroxysm of delight.)

PAUL (*puzzled*). Wager? What's the wager?

HORACE (*eagerly*). Why, Barbara here has—I mean *had* never been——

BARB. (*tartly*). Never you mind, smarty. I can tell it. And under the circumstances I'll pay the forfeit gladly. (PAUL *is elated, though he doesn't know exactly why.*) Anybody but James!

(PAUL *is crestfallen.* BARBARA *watches him slyly.*)

PAUL (*seriously, looking up*). But let me explain, Miss—(*At a look from her*) Barbara. As you know, I cut the theatre party and got here on the first train out, which explains my getting here so much earlier than you and Katherine thought I would. I came in quietly, merely telling James that I was going to surprise everybody. When I got in the hall I heard voices, and so looked in here. I saw a girlish figure which I mistook for Katherine. I didn't know it wasn't she until—until you shrieked in my ear. That flabbergasted me so completely that I vanished just as fast as I could, to sort of compose myself. Then I had James announce me, just to establish my innocence.—(*Mischievously.*) It was a most thrilling experience. And I hope I'm forgiven, a little bit? (*Holds out his hand.*)

BARB. (*putting her hand in his*). Yes, a little bit; because if it was you, it couldn't be James. I would rather it were anybody than James.

(HORACE *and* KATHERINE *hold a whispered consultation during this speech.*)

PAUL (*retaining the hand*). You can't burn me up, little bridesmaid; so don't waste time trying it.

JAMES (*comes to the* C. *entrance. He has a small white bandage on his injured finger*). Beg pardon, Miss Katherine, but I have gotten some more opera sticks, if Miss Barbara would care for any now.

BARB. (*in a tone of voice that indicates willingness to fall on his neck*). Oh, that was so kind of you, James. Thank you, awfully.

KATH. (*infinitely gracious*). But we're just stepping out for a stroll in the garden, James. Might we have some hot chocolate in the library in half an hour, and (*smiling*) your opera sticks?

JAMES (*with his usual slight bow*). Yes, Miss Katherine. (*Turns to leave.*)

BARB. (*uncertainly*). Oh,—James.

JAMES. Yes, Miss Barbara?

BARB. I just wanted to say that—that—you have just helped us run to earth a very wicked villain.

JAMES (*slight bow*). I am glad to have been of the least service to you, Miss Barbara.

(Again turns to leave.)

KATH. And James——

JAMES (*turns back patiently*). Yes, Miss Katherine?

KATH. I feel that I should tell you that the article for which we were hunting a few minutes ago has been found. I thought it might—relieve you—to know.

JAMES (*slight bow*). Thank you, Miss Katherine. I knew it would be safe. I saw Mr. Gregory pick it up.

[*Exit, with the victory.*

PAUL (*after a pause*). Well, I guess nobody around here is much of a hero!

HORACE (*laughingly, as he rises*). Except you. (BARBARA *silently seconds him.*) But let's go out for a look at our patron saint, the old moon. He's waiting for us.

PAUL. You'll see, though, there'll be peppermint on his breath; and if he says a word, it'll be——

(BARBARA *claps her hand over his mouth.*)

BARB. (*in mock severity*). No more villains, please!

HORACE (*as he and* KATHERINE *walk, arm-in-arm, toward the* C. *entrance*). No odds, let him say it. Some villains are lucky. [*Exeunt.*

PAUL (*suddenly stopping*). But Barbara, what was the question?

BARB. (*puzzled*). The question? What question?

PAUL (*sternly*). As we sat on that davenport those ages ago, and I persuaded you that first names were best, you said you wanted to ask me a question.

BARB. (*remembering*). Oh, yes! (*Laughs.*) But I really wouldn't need to ask it now.

PAUL (*disappointed*). Not?

BARB. No. (*Seriously.*) I'll tell you. I was going to ask you why you wore a mustache—like that. (*Deep sigh of extreme relief.*) But I'm glad now you had it!

PAUL. Yes. (*Feels his mustache tenderly with the fingers of his left hand.*) I'm very proud of it. (BARBARA *has gone toward the floor-lamp, and reaches for the switch.*) And I wore it, if for no other reason, that it might be known (*the light goes out*) who kissed Barbara.

(*The room is in the same semi-light as at first.* PAUL *takes* BARBARA'S *hand and draws her arm through his, and together they walk toward the* C. *entrance, very much absorbed in each other, and certainly happy.*)

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Price, 25 cents

MUCH ADO ABOUT BETTY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Ten male, twelve female characters, or seven males and seven females by doubling. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Betty, a moving picture star, going south on a vacation, loses her memory from the shock of a railway accident, and is identified as a rival, Violet Ostrich, from a hand-bag that she carries. In this character she encounters the real Violet, who has just eloped with Ned O'Hare, and mixes things up sadly both for herself and the young couple. An exceptionally bright, clever and effective play that can be highly recommended. Good Negro, Irish and eccentric comedy parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

LIN LEONARD, *Betty's one best bet.*
MAJOR JARTREE, *of Wichita, not only bent, but crooked.*
NED O'HARE, *a jolly young honeymooner.*
MR. E. Z. OSTRICH, *who has written a wonderful picture-play.*
DR. MCNUTT, *solid ivory from the neck up.*
JIM WILES, *a high-school senior.*
ARCHIE, *a black bell-boy at the Hotel Poinsettia.*
OFFICER RILEY, *who always does his duty.*
OFFICER DUGAN, *from the Emerald Isle.*
MR. EBENEZER O'HARE, *a sick man and a submerged tenth.*
MRS. EBENEZER O'HARE, *"Birdie," the other nine-tenths.*
AUNT WINNIE, *Betty's chaperone.*
LIZZIE MONAHAN, *Betty's maid, with a vivid imagination.*
ETHEL KOHLER, *a high-school admirer of Betty.*
VIOLET OSTRICH, *a film favorite, Ned's bride.*
MRS. K. M. DIGGINS, *a guest at the Hotel Poinsettia.*
DAFFODIL DIGGINS, *her daughter, "Yes, Mamma!"*
MISS CHIZZLE, *one of the North Georgia Chizzles.*
PEARLIE BROWN, *Violet's maid, a widow of ebon hue.*
VIOLET, *Violet Ostrich's little girl aged seven.*
DIAMOND, *Pearlie's little girl aged six and*
BETTY, *the star of the Movagraph Co.*

Jartree may double Dugan; Ned may double Riley; Jim may double Archie; Mrs. O'Hare may double Ethel; Aunt Winnie may double Pearlie and Lizzie may double Miss Chizzle, thus reducing the cast to seven males and seven females. The two children have no lines to speak.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Betty's apartments near New York. Married in haste.
ACT II. Parlor D of the Hotel Poinsettia, Palm Beech, Fla. Three days later. Betty loses her memory.
ACT III. Same scene as Act II. A full honeymoon.

JUST A LITTLE MISTAKE

A Comedy in One Act

By Elizabeth Gale

One male, five female characters, or can be played by all girls. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Ball receives a cablegram from her sister Lucy stating that *Jerry* will arrive that day and begging her to be cordial. Mrs. Ball then goes out to hire a cook, leaving three young friends to receive the unknown guest. The cook, sent down from the agency in haste, is greeted and entertained as Jerry and when the real Jerry (Miss Geraldine Take) arrives she is sent out to the kitchen. After considerable confusion and excitement she is discovered to be the "Little Miss Take." Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1½ hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1½ "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	½ "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1¼ "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1¼ "	25c
Class Day	4	3	¾ "	25c
Chums	3	2	¾ "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	½ "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	¾ "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1½ "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1½ "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	¾ "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	½ "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	¾ "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	¾ "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1½ "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1¼ "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1½ "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1½ "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1½ "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carroty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1½ "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	½ "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	½ "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	¾ "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1¼ "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	½ "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	½ "	25c
An Outsider		7	½ "	25c
Oysters		6	½ "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	½ "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	½ "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	½ "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1¾ "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1½ "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		¾ "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1½ "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Recent Plays That Have "Gone Over the Top"

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
The Adventures of Grandpa	4	5	2 hrs.	35c	Free
Turning the Trick	6	5	2¼ "	35c	"
The American Flag	6	3	2 "	35c	"
Captain Cranberry	8	3	2 "	35c	"
Mr. Kelley from Kalamazoo	8	3	2 "	35c	"
If I Only Had a Million	7	6	2 "	35c	"
The Country Doctor	6	5	2 "	35c	"
Country Folks	6	5	2 "	35c	"
A Couple of Million	6	5	2 "	35c	$10.00
Cranberry Corners	6	6	2 "	35c	Free
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1½ "	25c	"
Alias Brown	11	5	2 "	35c	"
Expense No Object	10	3	2 "	35c	"
The Heiress Hunters	7	7	2¼ "	35c	"
Picking a Winner	9	5	2 "	35c	"
Elizabeth's Young Man	1	3	½ "	25c	"
Freddy Goes to College	4	2	¾ "	25c	"
A Full House	3	3	½ "	25c	"
The Girl From Upper Seven	10	11	2 "	35c	"
Grandma Gibbs of the Red Cross	8	9	2 "	35c	"
Honeymoon Flats	6	8	1½ "	25c	"
Plain People	5	5	2 "	35c	"
Red Acre Farm	7	5	2 "	35c	"
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	¾ "	25c	"
Local and Long Distance	1	6	½ "	25c	"
The Sisterhood of Bridget	7	6	2 "	35c	"
The Loving Cup	4	9	½ "	35c	$5.00
The Guest Retainer	5	3	2 "	35c	Free
Old Days in Dixie	5	8	2¼ "	35c	$10.00
Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard	4	7	2 "	35c	Free
Much Ado About Betty	10	12	2 "	35c	"
No Trespassing	6	5	2 "	35c	"
Our Wives	7	4	2 "	35c	"
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	¾ "	25c	"
And Billy Disappeared	5	6	2¼ "	60c	$10.00
The Rebellion of Mrs. Barclay	3	6	1¾ "	35c	Free
When a Feller Needs a Friend	5	5	2¼ "	35c	$10.00
Allison Makes Hay	7	7	2 "	60c	$15.00
The Slacker	2	7	¾ "	25c	Free
The Arrival of Kitty	5	4	2 "	60c	$10.00
Six Miles From a Lemon	6	4	2 "	60c	$10.00
Teddy, or The Runaways	4	4	2¼ "	35c	Free
The Man Who Went	7	3	2 "	35c	$10.00
The Troubling of Bethesda Pool	2	12	¾ "	25c	Free
Valley Farm	6	6	2½ "	35c	"
The Village School Ma'am	6	5	2 "	35c	"
Willowdale	7	5	2¼ "	35c	"
The Country Minister	8	5	2 "	35c	"
The Cuckoo's Nest	3	3	½ "	25c	"
Petrel, The Storm Child	8	5	2 "	25c	"

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

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